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## EXPLORING IN THE FAR NORTH.

THE ice-region of the North is full of marvellous grandeur and mystery. It is not only mysterious in itself, but likewise in much of its history. Known to us only as associated with everything barren, frigid, and forbidding, it yet possesses charms and even beauties that are specially its own. For nearly the whole year, its frozen waters and frozen land present phenomena startling almost beyond imagination. Turn the eye whither you will, in a space of some fifteen hundred miles diameter around the geographical Pole, immense masses and fields of ice only are seen in every conceivable form, whether on the partly hidden land, or the all but completely covered sea. On the one hand may be towering mountains of rock, soaring high in majestic grandeur, and encircled or divided from each other by mighty glaciers and fields of ice; on the other, there may be presented a seemingly limitless level of solid ice varying from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, and in parts thrown up into enormous ridges, sometimes forty feet high, and of irregular lengths, with huge ice-islands called bergs scattered about upon its surface.

If it be the open season of summer, these bergs may be seen floating about in stately splendour, or occasionally when caught in currents and eddies, tearing along with ominous violence. If there be a storm, and the ocean has burst through and broken up the ice, the scene presented is a very wild one, and the utmost dexterity is required on the part of the mariner to avert danger from the masses dashing against the vessel's side. If it be calm, or moderate weather, the pictures Nature puts before the eye are marvellous. If the sky is clear, thousands of fairy-like castles or crystal cities thrown into ruins, appear to view. Refracted images of all imaginable forms dance before you. In the air may be seen, inverted, some distant object which in reality is far below the line of ordinary vision. Sometimes the sun does not look round, but oval; or perhaps there may appear to be four suns, or at night four moons,

lighting up the icebergs. In winter also, the whole of one part of the heavens is often illuminated by the splendid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. In summer, according to the latitude, there is no sunset for weeks; and during winter there is total darkness for a like period. The cold is intense, except occasionally. Even in autumn, thick ice will sometimes form in one night; and in winter or spring the register is generally from thirty to sixty degrees below zero. Still, if proper precautions be taken, even this extreme temperature is bearable.

Now, it is through such a region as this that explorers have to make their way. How they do it is a story often told, yet always interesting. In the first place, their ships are more than ordinarily strengthened to encounter ice; yet very often no common skill or human power is of any avail, and constant watchfulness of ice-movements is needed. In summer the ice breaks away from the coast of Greenland, and not unfrequently leaves a narrow tortuous passage round what is called Melville Bay. It is, however, exceedingly dangerous, and ships are often detained here a long while. The exploring expedition of 1850 was fixed here for some weeks, and the vessel to which the writer belonged, made only twelve miles in a fortnight. Here too, whaling-ships are often crushed. The ice takes a 'run' during gales and strong currents, and will sometimes actually break up and cover over a ship in a few minutes. The *Hecla*, Parry's old ship, was thus caught. In less than twenty minutes nothing was seen of her but the top of her mast-head and the end of her jib-boom. An American whaler was also similarly served in twenty minutes; and the *Breadalbane*, further on, was actually *sliced* by a run of ice, and sank out of sight when the pressure was removed.

If the explorer has succeeded in passing Melville Bay, then Lancaster Sound or Smith Sound is entered. Seldom is this done till near the close of summer; consequently, it is necessary to find some safe harbour in which to winter. Some ships have had no such shelter, and have drifted

about—as did the two American vessels in 1850-51—all through the dark and bitter season. But supposing a winter harbour is found, then the ships are housed or covered in, and the crews properly attended to. What is next done in the way of wisely maintaining health by proper amusements, education, and exercise, would take too long to tell. Enough to say that, except on the occasion of the last official Polar expedition, very little mortality has occurred. Indeed, health in the Arctic regions is more to be depended upon than in tropical climes.

During winter, all hands are employed in making preparation for spring travelling. Then, when March arrives, sledges are packed, officers and men appointed, and away these hardy explorers go, over ice and snow, along barren shores into unknown wastes, hundreds and hundreds of miles, without the slightest hesitation. Strange too, how accurately they mark their way, and even prearrange where separate parties shall again meet in certain localities at first only fixed by geographical science and assumed configuration of land.

But the better to understand this, let us try and picture a scene as it actually occurred. Upon the solid ice there, you might have seen a congregation of what look like human beings. Sledges and Eskimo dogs are with them. Officers as well as sailors, numbering about a hundred, are dressed in uncouth garbs that make them look anything but civilised men. Furs are worn by those who can get them, and woollens lined with fur by others. Also masks for the nose, and goggles for preserving the eyes. It is very cold, and every protection is needed to prevent frost-bite. No one is left by himself. Companionship is absolutely necessary, in order that the one may keep a look out upon the other's face; as when frost attacks the nose and other exposed parts of the face, it is at first unfelt by the sufferer himself. His companion, as soon as he sees symptoms of this, takes up a handful of snow, and rubs the affected part hard for a few moments, and thus prevents any spread of the mischief.

While this is going on in one place, others are busy trying to keep the dogs in order. These restive creatures, harnessed to the sledges, get entangled with each other, or every now and then run in between the men's legs. Presently, however, all the party have arrived at the place appointed. There, the chief of the entire expedition carefully examines their several equipments, and addresses them in appropriate terms, pointing out what each has to do. The several sledges are named, and have flags with certain mottoes selected by the officers attached to them. Many of those mottoes bear upon the subject of the search; and several of the flags are cherished on account of the fair hands at home—some sister, or some one still dearer—who lovingly made them. Every sledge has an officer, and from six to eight men. All the officers desire to go; but the post of honour is given first to the highest—even to the captains of ships—then to the humblest in turn. And now, all have received their orders, and been addressed as to their respective duties; and after a few kind and sometimes tender partings between old comrades, the hardy explorers buckle to their work, and shortly separate, each band on its way to

traverse hundreds of miles of frozen ocean or of bleak inhospitable coast.

Away they go! Over miles and miles of dreary wastes. Prying and seeking and examining wherever aught presents itself that would seem to have been placed there by others like themselves. Weary, footsore, snow-blind, lame, weak, strong again, often frozen nearly stiff, and battling with wind and sleet and icy particles that cut the face as though with a keen razor. Still they trudge on, through barren and hitherto unknown places. Occasionally they break out into song, and thus rouse themselves again, and perforce renew their flagging strength.

The sledge, when loaded with provisions, tents, spare clothing, instruments, firearms, and spirits of wine for fuel, generally weighs about one thousand two hundred pounds, or say one hundred and ninety pounds per man. This weight, then, the men have to pull along over the ice, smooth or rough, and oftener amongst thrown-up ridges, as best they can. A belt round each man is then attached to the rope belonging to the sledge, and thus should it happen, as is sometimes the case, that one of the party falls through a broken bit of ice, he is speedily pulled out again. In such cases some rapid exercise is necessary to prevent the serious consequences that might otherwise ensue.

When dinner-hour arrives, the party halts for a short time to eat the allowance previously made up for each person. Then they drink their small quantum of grog, a proceeding which is usually accomplished while running up and down the ice to keep up the circulation and escape being frost-bitten. The pork which has been cooked on board is almost always so hard that it breaks like biscuit; and the drinking utensils are usually covered with a non-conducting substance to prevent the cold from taking the skin off the lips.

But night is the worst part of the time—that is, the sleeping period; for we should mention that sometimes the party travels by night and sleeps by day, on account of the greater advantage from the absence of glare, &c. When the day's march of perhaps ten miles is ended, the tent is pitched on as comfortable a bit of ice as can be found. This tent is generally fourteen feet long by eight feet broad and eight feet high. There is a flap at the bottom, made to pull outwards and be covered with snow. The door is made of double curtains like a porch, to keep out the snow-drift, and afford shelter to the cook or look-out man. Generally, the tent has four small holes in the top to permit the escape of steam and breath, which otherwise condenses and falls in a shower of fine snow. The tent is so pitched as to have the door on the opposite side of the prevailing wind. The cooking apparatus is just within the porch. When the tent is put up and made secure, a waterproof floorcloth is laid upon the ice, and upon this is placed another of canvas. The whole party, officers and all, then make themselves as comfortable as they can together. The provisions are served out, and doffing their fur boots they wrap their benumbed feet in moccasins or flannels, and, without undressing, get into bags made of stout blankets and about seven feet long, so as to cover head and all. Then throwing themselves down upon the covered ice, packed like herrings in a barrel, they seek, in

slumber, a forgetfulness of their strange and far from enviable position.

What they endure may be gathered from the following quotations. In one official report, it is stated that 'the men agreed in voting noses a nuisance in this country; from their prominent position they are usually the first part frost-bitten; also whiskers and moustaches were sentenced, as not only being useless but very inconvenient, the former catching the snow-drift, and one's breath freezing on the latter, forms an icicle not easily removed.'

'April 30.—Near one o'clock A.M., lunched. At these low temperatures [ten to twenty-five degrees below zero] the fat of salt-pork becomes hard and breaks like suet; and as the temperature falls below minus twenty-five degrees, our rum becomes thick. To drink out of a pannikin without leaving the skin of one's lips attached to it, requires considerable experience and caution. The bottles of water carried by the men in their breasts were generally frozen after an hour or two; and after repeated trials it was found that inside the trousers waistband was the best place to carry them, and retain their contents in a fluid state.' Another officer has said that 'he found the brandy congealed, though placed next the skin.'

With reference to their sleeping accommodation, Captain McClintock said: 'Latterly, our fur blankets and sleeping-bags have been rapidly getting more filled with frost. The latter are quite wet when thawed at night. Nor have we been able to prevent their getting into this state; the greatest care has been taken to protect them from the snow; the men's clothes brushed before coming into the tent, and the tent and floorcloth repeatedly brushed. It is chiefly caused by the condensation of vapour from our warm meals, and of our breath, which falls in minute frozen particles. We have holes cut in the top of the tent to permit the escape of vapour, but the temperature inside is always low enough to condense it before it can ascend so high. The quantity of moisture from one's breath is surprising; the very small aperture we usually leave at the mouth of our bags to breathe through, is coated with ice by the morning. Some of the men wear a loose over-all duck dress; but even the inside of this is covered with frost after a hard day's work in low temperatures, and requires to be well brushed off.'

'As is usual for the first few days of a journey, the men suffer much from thirst. Besides a pint of chocolate at breakfast, and half a pint of tea at supper, they have their water-bottles, which hold two-thirds of a pint, filled three times a day; but several of these have burst already, in consequence of the water freezing within them, although carried inside their outer garments.'

Dr Sutherland says: 'How water could be kept from freezing in the tents when the temperature was fifty-seven degrees below freezing-point, is best known to those who made the attempt. A tin flask, half-full, which the person who had the cooking for the day, took into his blanket-bag, and a gutta-percha flask holding two pints, which I took into my own blanket-bag, and kept on the outside of my vest within two folds of woollen cloth, became frozen quite hard, and it was not without considerable difficulty that we got the ice thawed out afterwards. . . I took the one that belonged to my tent into my armpit for two or

three successive nights before the ice became all dissolved, the water being always removed as it was produced.'

In the morning, when aroused by him whose turn it is to watch, all the misery of Arctic travelling is then experienced. Who is there that has not some idea of this from what is occasionally felt after a night's watching or abstinence from rest? The first dawn of morning seems even worse than the past midnight. Judge, then, what it must be there in a solitary tent on the ice-floe, thousands of miles from home, and often hundreds of miles away from their other comrades! To awaken in such a scene is truly wretched. A pannikin of hot chocolate is generally the first thing given. Then comes the frightful agony of forcing the feet into boots often frozen hard as iron, while all the time the breath—despite the ventilators for it to escape—comes down in a shower of very fine snow. But at last they are again ready, and once more away they go across the wide floe, and, when near the land, along the lonely shore. Sometimes this sort of tent-life is beguiled with songs and occasional music; and the companionable pipe is invariably sought before sleep.

Amongst other contrivances to aid the travelling parties in their search, was that of kites. In the expedition to which I was attached, we took out several, the gift of the late Mr Benjamin Smith, whose son, Mr Leigh Smith, has lately made such remarkable voyages and explorations by Spitzbergen and Franz-Joseph Land.

Another plan to give our missing friends some notice of the search for them, was that of using balloons. The gas being generated on board, a balloon would be sent up with hundreds of printed coloured satin or paper slips attached to a slow match; and these were destined to fall over a certain space. The message printed on these slips certified where relief could be found. But it is doubtful if ever one was seen, for out of many thousands sent up, I believe none were ever come across again by any of our travelling parties.

Where the sledges are pulled by dogs, the labour to the men is of course much less, though it requires a good driver to manage these animals. Their performances, however, are very extraordinary. They will go many hundreds of miles in consecutive journeys, and only require ordinary attention. With a load of one thousand pounds, a team of six dogs will go as fast as a man can walk.

On the expedition in which the writer was engaged, searching parties made dépôts of provisions, wherever suitable, *en route*, so as to pick them up on return. But other dépôts were also formed by the ships' crews for relief of a missing expedition. These dépôts were so built up as to prevent bears or other animals from getting at the stores, though occasionally slight havoc was done to some. It is astonishing the amount of provisions stowed away in various dépôts up in the Arctic regions beyond where whalers or even Eskimo go. In one place were deposited eleven thousand and sixty-five pounds of biscuit, sixteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight pounds of flour, nearly ten thousand pounds of salt meats, over ten thousand pounds of preserved meats and soups; besides vast quantities of groceries, vegetables, fruits, pemmican, wines, spirits, tobacco,

clothing, boots, &c. So far as the relieving of the missing expedition was concerned, the foregoing provisions, &c. were left in vain. Years afterwards they were found untouched.

These few notes of what is to be faced and endured by Arctic explorers, may be of interest at a time when the recent American search expedition has drawn public attention once more to the subject of Arctic Exploration.

## THE CHEADLEWOODS' MONEY.

### CHAPTER II.

On the following morning Robert Ware, the Cheadlewoods' confidential clerk, was sitting alone in the office. The brothers were both from home. Jonathan had gone to the Docks to make inquiries respecting vessels from New York, and business had taken Barnabas to one of the law-courts. The clerk was very busy this morning. He had a rare talent for work, and the Cheadlewoods knew how to profit by his unflinching industry. Robert Ware was a young man who had risen in life through his own inherent energy and ability. The son of a Lancashire operative, he had inherited from his mother—a sickly meditative woman—a passion for books; and from his father, the plodding perseverance which insures success. In spite of many hinderances, Robert had managed to get an education, and at the age of twenty had come up to London, a sharp, steady youth, with a light purse, but a well-stored mind, and an honest determination to do well in the world. Chance had brought him into contact with the Cheadlewoods, and the keen insight of Jonathan had detected the young man's good business abilities, and had resolved to profit by them. He was engaged as a clerk with a small salary to commence with, which was gradually raised as the brothers saw more and more clearly the desirability of retaining his services. For some years Robert was satisfied with his position, and happy in devoting his leisure hours to study; but after a while he began to look forward into the future, and then there awoke a longing to win some higher status than that of a mere clerk. At length he intimated to his employers his wish to better his position. It was then that they offered to give him his 'articles,' an offer which he gratefully accepted. Robert was a good-natured fellow: he was aware of the meanness and avarice of the Cheadlewoods; but he did not despise them as most men would have done. He pitied them for the misery they inflicted on themselves. At times indeed Mr Jonathan's actions would inspire him with contempt; but he did not suffer this feeling to betray itself in word or look, nor ever complained of the amount of work he was expected to perform.

As we have said, Robert Ware was very busy this morning, and his occupation was of so absorbing a nature, that he did not notice the stopping of a vehicle outside the house, till the noise of a hackney coachman's knock arrested his attention. He took it for granted that this knock

announced some importunate client, and with a gesture of impatience at the interruption, he moved to the window and looked out. He was somewhat surprised by what he saw. A coach stood at the door, from which a tall dark man with long black hair, heavy moustaches, and the appearance of a foreigner, was assisting a young lady to alight. 'There must be some mistake,' muttered Robert to himself, looking intently at the young and pretty girl whom her companion was leading to the door, at which the housekeeper Mrs Rasper had now appeared; 'these people have come to the wrong house.'

But, no; this did not appear to be the case. There was a few minutes' talk, in which Mrs Rasper's harsh, grating voice was audible above all the rest, and then the door of the office was thrown open, and in a tone of more than usual asperity the housekeeper announced Miss Cheadlewood.

Robert looked up in astonishment as he caught the name, and there was something ludicrous in the stare of amazement with which he confronted the young lady. She stepped forward quickly, and her large bright eyes seemed to take in every object within view, as with a rapid glance around the room, she said impetuously: 'So my uncles are from home, I am told; but they knew I was coming: they had my letter, I suppose?'

Robert was puzzled by this sudden question. His intercourse with the Cheadlewoods was entirely limited to business matters, and he knew nothing of their family affairs.

'I do not know; I do not understand,' he stammered. 'Mr Cheadlewood will soon be in, I trust.'

Here the gentleman interposed with an explanation. He spoke English well, though with a foreign accent. 'This lady is the niece of the Messrs Cheadlewood,' he said; 'and the only child of my late friend, Mr Silas Cheadlewood, whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making during a brief residence in New York. It was her father's wish that upon his decease Miss Cheadlewood should at once seek the protection of her uncles, and as I was about starting for England at the time of her great loss, I was only too happy to escort the young lady to this country. Now you understand our appearance here.'

Robert bowed, and tried to look satisfied with this explanation; but he felt in an awkward position. He brought forward chairs, and invited the unexpected visitors to sit down and await Messrs Cheadlewoods' return. Then he went back to his desk, and made an effort to resume his work. But this was difficult with such distracting influences about him. Again and again his eye wandered from his task to rest upon the girl who sat within a few yards of him, talking in a quick, low tone to her strange-looking companion. She appeared very young, scarcely eighteen one would have judged her, though in reality she was older. She was dressed in mourning; but to increase her comfort whilst travelling, had thrown over her black garments a large shawl of Rob Roy tartan, whose bright colour well became her saucy style of beauty. She had a small round face, with dimpled chin, and rosy, wilful mouth. Her



forehead was half-hidden by the thick curling dark locks which fell over it; whilst, escaping from beneath her bonnet, long ringlets clustered in profusion at the back of her beautifully rounded throat. Her eyes were of the darkest, deepest blue, fringed with long black lashes and shadowed by delicately pencilled eyebrows.

Such charms could not fail to attract the eye, and Robert Ware might well be pardoned if for once his diligence was scarcely proof against the temptation which assailed it. He observed with some suspicion Miss Cheadlewood's companion. Although he had the air of a gentleman, he was but shabbily dressed, and he had an uneasy, furtive look in his eyes, which Robert did not approve. He wondered if he sustained any relationship to Miss Cheadlewood beyond that of mere friendship. He was far older than she; in all probability his age verged upon forty. Yet there was something lover-like in the devotion with which he hung over the young lady, and listened to every word she uttered; and she also appeared to entertain for him a warm regard. As he conceived this idea, the strong aversion to foreigners said to be characteristic of our insular nation made itself powerfully felt in Robert Ware's breast.

It was a relief to him when the foreigner rose, and intimating that a business engagement prevented his further stay, bade his protégée an impressive adieu, promising to call in a few days to inquire for her welfare, and make the acquaintance of her uncles. The young lady seemed reluctant to part from him. She accompanied him to the door, and lingered there to say a few parting words. Through the window Robert could see them as they stood together on the step, and thus gazing he saw the stranger lift the girl's hand to his lips as he took his departure.

Tears were shining in Miss Cheadlewood's eyes as she came back into the room. 'That is the best friend I have in the world,' she said abruptly, as if to explain her emotion; 'he is Count Grimaldi.'

'Indeed, Miss; a count!'

'Yes, that is his title, for he is of a noble Italian family, although he is now poor and unknown. He has lost all his property and has been very unfortunate.'

'Have you known him long?' asked Robert with a lawyer's caution.

The girl's face flushed. 'Only since a few weeks before my father's death,' she replied in a low, tremulous voice; 'we were lodging in the same house. My father was poor too,' she added. (Robert soon learned that reticence was not a distinguishing trait in Miss Cheadlewood's character.) 'He earned money by copying for the lawyers. I used to help him. I can copy deeds as well as any one. I have turned out many such documents as that you have before you.' And advancing to Robert's side, she placed her finger on the parchment which lay on his desk.

'Indeed!' said Robert in surprise; 'I did not know that women ever did such work as this.'

'I don't suppose many do,' she replied; 'but father taught me. He said I might be glad to earn my living by copying some day.'

'And the Count? how did he support himself?' asked Robert.

'I do not know,' answered the girl simply; 'I never saw him do any work. I don't suppose such a gentleman could work. He was often away for several days at a time; but he never told us where he went, nor what he did.' She sat down again as she said this, and looked about her with a weary look. 'O dear, I wish those uncles of mine would come, for I am so tired. We only landed this morning, after a dreadfully trying voyage.'

'Perhaps you would be more comfortable in the next room,' said Robert, opening the door of the small back-parlour.

Miss Cheadlewood peeped into the room, but did not seem inclined to enter. There was no fire in the grate, and the old straight-backed arm-chair which stood by the gloomy hearth was not inviting. She drew back. 'No; thank you. I would rather stay here with you if you have no objection. Shall I disturb you by remaining?'

Robert politely assured her to the contrary, and again offered her a seat.

'Are they very rich?' she asked presently.

'Whom do you mean?' inquired Robert.

'Why, my uncles, of course.' This was said with some touch of impatience in her tone.

'I cannot say,' answered the young man discreetly. 'You must know, Miss Cheadlewood, that I am only your uncles' clerk, and though they give me their confidence in matters of business, they do not see fit to acquaint me, nor do I wish to be acquainted with their private affairs.'

'But you must know,' she returned in the same tone; 'you cannot help knowing whether they are rich or not. My father used to say he was sure they were making money as fast as they could. I have no doubt they are immensely rich. Well, if it is so, I shall always think they were horribly mean to allow my father to struggle on in poverty till his health broke down.' Here the voice grew tremulous, the rosy lips quivered, and Robert feared that an outburst of weeping would follow. His heart was full of compassion for the pretty young creature before him. What effect her tears might have had upon him it is impossible to say, for just at this moment the outer door opened, and as the step of Mr Jonathan was heard in the passage, the girl regained her self-possession with marvellous quickness, and stood up prepared to meet him.

Jonathan assumed an air of business-like expectancy at the sight of the young lady. It did not occur to him that this was the niece whose proposed arrival had so disconcerted him. He imagined that the lady had come on business, and with a polite but ungraceful bow, and an assumption of his most oily manner, he awaited her speech.

'You are my uncle, I suppose,' she said as her quick eyes scanned him, taking in every detail of his unlovely appearance. 'I hope you had my letter to prepare you for my coming.'

'Ah!' he ejaculated with a rapid change of manner, the smile disappearing from his face in a twinkling, and a hard, sharp look taking its place. 'So you are my niece, are you? Yes; we had your letter, but not till last night; and I've just been to the Docks to inquire for your vessel. How is it that I missed you, I wonder?'

'We landed at Gravesend,' explained the young lady; 'we thought it would save time.'

'We?' he repeated. 'Are you not alone?'

'Yes; but a friend who travelled with me kindly brought me to this house.'

'Indeed; what was her name?'

Miss Cheadlewood looked annoyed by this question. Her cheek flushed, but she held up her head proudly and answered: 'It was a gentleman. His name is Grimaldi.'

'Grimaldi? A foreigner, I suppose!' said Jonathan snappishly, in a tone intended to convey his contempt for all foreigners.

'Yes; he is a foreigner,' she returned.

At this moment Barnabas Cheadlewood made his appearance. His greeting to his niece was more cordial than his brother's had been. He did his best to infuse a little affection into his manner, but the fount of human kindness within his breast had sunk so low, that it was hard to force any to the surface, and in spite of his efforts, his coldness chilled her.

'I am afraid you are not glad to see me, uncle,' she said; 'is it very inconvenient for you to receive me?'

'O no; we are pleased to see you,' said Barnabas in his slow, deliberate manner. 'We naturally feel an interest in you for the sake of your poor dear father, whose life has been cut off so sadly. It was a great grief to me to learn of my brother's untimely death.' No undertaker could have looked more solemn than did Mr Barnabas Cheadlewood at this moment, as he raised his eyes to the ceiling, and mournfully shook his head. It is to be hoped he believed in the genuineness of the grief he professed.

'We shall be happy for you to remain with us for a few days,' put in Jonathan, anxious to correct any impression of unstinted hospitality, which his brother's words might have conveyed; 'till you can look about you, you know, and decide on your plans for the future. What is your name, by-the-by?'

'Mopsy,' replied his niece.—'Margery, I mean,' hastily correcting herself. 'Father always called me Mopsy.' She was near breaking down as she uttered her pet-name; but she bit her lip desperately, and by force of will drove back the tide of emotion.

It now occurred to Barnabas Cheadlewood that his niece might be glad to remove her wraps, and summoning Mrs Rasper, he desired her to take the young lady to the room which had been hastily prepared for her. And as Mopsy followed the sour-faced old woman up the dark rickety staircase, she felt that a very few days in that dreary house would be more than bearable.

'What do you think of the girl?' Barnabas asked his brother a few minutes later, in the privacy of the back-room.

'Oh, it's easy to see what the girl is,' groaned out Jonathan.—'vain and frivolous, and extravagant; women who look like that, always are. I foresee that she will give us a good deal of trouble.' By which it will be seen that Jonathan Cheadlewood did not believe it possible for beauty and discretion to go hand in hand.

The vision of his employers' lovely niece lingered in Robert Ware's mind that night. It puzzled him to think that so fair a being was akin to the Cheadlewoods. How wretched a home for her seemed that gloomy old house. What prospect of happiness could there be for one so young, in

the society of those two narrow-minded old men, whose hearts were as dry and unfeeling as the yellow parchments over which they loved to pore? Then he remembered that Mr Jonathan had hinted that his niece was only welcome to remain with them for a few days. For a few days; and what then? Would they have the heartlessness to send that lovely young girl to earn her own living, and win her own way in the world as best she might, when they could so well afford to provide for her? A flood of hot indignation against Mr Jonathan surged over Robert's mind at this thought. He had long cherished secret contempt for the man; now he positively detested him.

The lawyer's clerk was not a romantic young man. Hitherto his one aim in life had been to improve and develop his own powers, and to pave the way for future success; and although he was five-and-twenty years of age, no flame of love had as yet been kindled in the heart of Robert Ware. All the more probable was it that the fire, once lighted, would burn with strong and steady heat. It is often upon such natures, outwardly so cold and constrained, that the passion the most suddenly fastens. Robert would never have admitted that he was one to experience 'love at first sight;' and yet, the 'stound' had come; for the fascination which Miss Cheadlewood's presence had exerted upon him, and the attraction which now made it impossible for him to banish her from his thoughts, was the awakening of a love which was destined to grow stronger and stronger till the happiness of his life was involved in its satisfaction.

In spite of the desire to be rid of her, which her uncle Jonathan had evinced, and her own shrinking from the dreary aspect of her uncle's home, Margery stayed on in the old house. Mr Barnabas quickly discovered his niece's skill as a copyist, and did not scruple to make use of it. He represented to his brother that as the girl had been ill-educated, and was unfit for a governess, and there seemed no other means by which she might earn her living, it would be well to retain her in the house as a copying clerk, giving her a home in lieu of salary. The parsimonious Jonathan saw that the girl's services, procured at so economical a rate, would be of great value, and agreed to the arrangement. Mopsy having no choice but to accede to their plan, it was no happy life she now led, and Robert Ware often wondered that she could endure it. But from her earliest days Mopsy had been used to 'rough it,' and had thus learned a knack of adapting herself to circumstances, and making the best of things however dark they might look. She toiled without a murmur at the wearisome work her uncles gave her; and they were no gentle task-masters.

It never entered their heads that the girl needed fresh air, and a little recreation now and then. Nor did she remind them of the fact, but watched her opportunity, and when they were away, would sometimes slip out of the house and take a walk by herself. It was often necessary to work late at night, or rise early in the morning, to make up for the time thus lost. The copying she undertook naturally brought her into close connection with Robert Ware. Sometimes they worked together in the office, and between whiles there would be an opportunity for a few minutes' friendly chat. Mopsy was never a whit more reserved than she

had been on the day of their first acquaintance. She looked upon Robert as a friend, and talked to him freely of all that was in her mind. How tenderly he prized her childlike confidences, and how hard he found it to maintain the calm, cool, elderly manner, which he deemed befitting his position, need not be told. The girl seemed so free and glad in his presence. It was as if a weight were lifted from her spirits, when her uncles went out, and left her alone with Robert. Then the fun and frolic belonging to her nature leaped forth, and Robert had hard work to keep his gravity as he listened to her witty remarks or watched her mischievous pranks. He was of course aware of the stolen walks in which she indulged in the absence of her guardians. A word from him would have kept her at home; but he, whom his fair companion had made her confidant, could not refuse her this indulgence, when she pleaded for it. He disliked the idea of her walking alone in the London streets, where her appearance was almost certain to attract attention; but as she carefully attended to his directions, and never went far from the house, he soon ceased to feel anxious during her absence.

Barnabas Cheadlewood observed the intimacy which was springing up between these two, and strange to say he approved of it. His cunning mind was devising a matrimonial scheme. Not, as we know, that he was one to smile upon early marriages, or to sympathise with young love. But ever since the day when Margery's letter had arrived just as he was considering the duty of making a last will and testament, he had entertained the idea that his niece must be his heiress. Perhaps some compunction for the severity with which he had treated her father urged him thus to make amends to Margery. Yet the thought of his property passing into the hands of one so young and thoughtless was unsatisfactory, till the notion occurred to him that he might leave his money to Robert Ware, on condition that he should marry Margery Cheadlewood. Barnabas had a high opinion of the young man's business ability and prudence of character. He believed him to be of a thrifty and cautious turn of mind. Painful as it was to think of relinquishing his precious gains at the call of Death, there was comfort in imagining them in the hands of one who would know how to husband his resources, and to add to them by wise investment. The more Barnabas deliberated upon the idea—an idea, however, which he did not confide to his brother—the better he liked it; the only difficulty to a man of his avaricious and world-nature being to rise to the occasion and act upon it.

#### INDUSTRIAL MIGRATIONS.

The question of industrial migration has scarcely received the attention that it deserves; and indeed it is only of late years that it has been at all studied with any recognition of its importance, or the advisability of so regulating it as to make it a matter of systematic advantage to the country. It is an element—as we have on former occasions insisted—and a very powerful one, which is always with us, and perpetually affecting the influx and reflux of the population; and this

not only on a small and local scale, but, as we shall see presently, sometimes of enormous extent and irrepressible volume. In Great Britain, where happily we are free from any violent transitions either social or political, we nevertheless find labour migration a constant characteristic amongst the industrial classes, which is chiefly due to the simple fact that the population has outrun the means of its own support. The labour markets being glutted, workmen are compelled to seek fresh fields of industry. A quarter of a century ago, a labourer in a country parish was a fixture there, and it seldom came into his head that he should ever require or be able to leave it. Although he grumbled much—and with good reason—at the unsatisfactory nature of his surroundings, and the hopeless outlook of the future, he clung tenaciously to the locality where he had been brought up and had worked every day of his life. Rumours of changes and movements affecting other classes of working-men occasionally filtered through a month-old paper, and set him thinking in a lethargic kind of way, without, however, imagining that any possibility of change could come to him. But nowadays, he not only hears quickly of them, but takes part in them himself; and if any great crisis reaches him, such as a wages dispute, he is prepared to move himself off to another part of the country, or even to Canada or New Zealand.

As to the operative classes, migration is being reduced to a system, and especially amongst those sections of workmen who may be termed the rank and file of industrial labour. Upon any small provocation, and sometimes upon none at all, workmen of this grade will start off on an undefined tramp, leaving their wives and families to shift in the best way they can. The worst feature of it all is, that the tramp is undefined. The man goes east, west, north, or south, upon the slightest report that work is to be found there. Sometimes his trade society helps him on the road; but he soon drifts into a dependence for his night's lodging upon the casual ward, whence he issues next morning with a fresh deterioration of personal appearance and self-respect. Arrived at a larger town, he forms one of the army of idlers who may be seen any day standing with their hands in their pockets, regarding with a sort of complacent fatalism any work that may be going on in the shape of building or other out-of-door employment. The mischief of it all is, not that work is scarce in some places and workmen too plentiful, for that will always be happening in a country so thickly populated as ours, but that no efforts appear to be made to direct their migrations into some wholesome and properly organised stream. A very little trouble on the part of the authorities, such as the town-council, the police, or the guardians, might enable the workmen to ascertain for the asking, what were the prospects of employment within the radius of the next twenty miles; and thus a systematic distribution of labour of a really useful kind might be kept up throughout the land, while at the same time any plethora of useless and idle hands would be prevented in any given place. Thus many a workman would be saved from drifting hopelessly to the bad, while the rate-payers' pockets would be palpably lightened.

Our chief object in this paper is, however,

to give some account of the systematic industrial migrations—for ours are clearly unsystematic—which prevail in different parts of the world, and which often form most characteristic features in the social life of a nation. In many parts of the continent, and especially in Germany, it has long been a custom amongst the young unmarried artisans who have completed their apprenticeship, to wander from town to town for two or three years before settling in life; and so well recognised is this fact, that in large cities such as Hamburg, there are special lodging-houses called *Herbergen* for travelling workmen, who find in them not only their apartments, but also tools for their trades, particularly when these are of a heavy kind, and cannot conveniently be carried about with them when on tramp. The length of stay in each town is entirely at the discretion of the workman, who usually bends his footsteps to some place which excels in his particular branch, such as Dresden for tailors' work, Berlin for lock-making, Vienna for leather-work, &c.; so that he may have an opportunity of entering into a workshop there and perfecting himself, while at the same time he earns something towards his expenses. If, however, he is unsuccessful in obtaining that employment, and cannot afford to remain there without it, he is helped on the way to the next town by the contributions of the trade. Until within the last dozen years or so, the guilds or trades-unions were legally compelled to assist him; but this was altered by the legislature, and it is now only a voluntary proceeding, though one which is rigorously adhered to.

These wandering workmen do not confine their movements to their own country, but visit France, Italy, England, and Belgium, anywhere indeed where they fancy that they can gain either money or improvement; and to this is probably owing the ubiquitousness of the German artisan, who carries his individual industry over the world to a far greater extent than the workmen of any other nation. As a rule, he sees a good deal more of the world than his fellow-countrymen do, and he takes care to profit by his experience. The itinerant lodging-houses just mentioned have played in their day a considerable part in the distribution of the labour market, for from the special character of the guests, the employers were in the habit of frequenting them for the purpose of employing workmen; and thus they became, so to speak, a kind of labour exchange, where the arrangements of industrial supply and demand took place. But labour matters are altering in Germany as elsewhere, and the system of *Herbergen* is dying out, although there is no lack of accommodation for the travelling workman under the auspices of the special trades or the various religious bodies.

The itinerant system is prevalent also in Switzerland, though to a much less degree, owing probably to the distance and sparseness of the industrial centres. Great hospitality is shewn to the workman on his march, most of the towns and communes helping him forward with a night's lodging and his keep. In Germany, under the old guild laws, itinerancy was not only encouraged but enjoined, and especially in certain trades, such as bookbinding, in which the candidate for business was obliged to wander for three years, under pain of not being able to take the freedom

of his guild: while the cigar-trade in Saxony has a union for the main object of providing funds to enable members of the trade to wander. Masons on the continent are frequently a migratory body, not for the purpose of learning, like the German artisans, but as regular season-visitors to a town or country, in the same way that the Irish reaper makes his annual migration to the English harvest. It is said that there are two thousand masons and bricklayers in Leipzig, scarcely any of whom live in the city, but in the neighbouring villages. They are mostly birds of passage, coming from the Voigtland or hill-country in the spring, and returning in late autumn, when the weather becomes too severe for outdoor work. The same thing takes place in North Italy, the masons in Milan having no fixed home, but migrating periodically from the various parts of Lombardy, and sleeping where they can. In the slack building season, they make their way to other districts, and even to France and Germany, where, from their well-known skilfulness, they are always sure of employment. The labour market at Marseilles, particularly in road-making, quarrying, and what may be termed heavy work, is principally supplied by Piedmontese, who, however, in times of trade depression return to their Italian homes, where they can subsist at a far cheaper rate than in the high-priced French cities. On the other hand, French artisans return the compliment by migrating into Italy, though they are principally of the class of skilled labourers. In most of the Italian glass-works are to be found French workmen; and in one on the banks of the Lago Maggiore, they are all of that nationality, who return to their own country when the work of the furnace is completed, migrating again to Italy when their services are required. In towns like Nice, labour is seldom stationary, the upholsterers, cabinetmakers, and other similar trades migrating for the season from the departments in the south of France; and it is estimated that from four to five thousand persons are thus constantly on the wing. French workmen do not, as a rule, carry their itinerant ways, or what used to be called the *tour de force*, to such an extent as the Germans, although, before they settle down, they are fond of a little knocking about. A workman from Nantes will go for a year or two to Bordeaux or *vice versa*; but in general the great goal for all the trades is Paris, and the fact that 'Paris is France,' is perhaps one reason why the travelling instinct is more limited among the French.

Agricultural labour is generally migratory on a larger scale than that of skilled artisans; and this is very observable in Eastern Europe, where the migration is very systematic, and performed with a certain regard to business principles. Mr Petre, in his Report on the Industrial Classes of Prussia, tells us, that at the outset, an experienced man is deputed to go and 'prospect' the district, and see whether it will suit; after which he makes a contract for the work, so as to be in readiness for the labouring party, which travels from two to three hundred miles to fulfil the engagement. A large proportion of the population east of the Vistula regularly migrates in this manner to the more fertile lowlands, returning home for the winter. In the north of Germany, the labour for the beet-root districts, occupying enormous areas near Magdeburg, and throughout Pomerania, is regularly



undertaken by migratory bands from the southern Harz; and the province of Westphalia annually sends forth its contingent of labourers for the Netherlands. This has become such an established system, that the men are called *Hollandsgänger*. In the island of Corsica too, the inhabitants of which consider it too degrading to occupy themselves with manual labour, all agricultural field-work is undertaken by bodies of Italian peasants from the opposite mainland. In Corsica, they are known by the general name of *Lucchese*, and are held in considerable contempt by the proud and revengeful natives, it being a common saying of any disagreeable work, that 'it is only fit for a *Lucchese*.'

Another phase of industrial migration is found amongst the Germans, in the shape of working colonies established under peculiar conditions in foreign countries. Home associations and the sentiment of Fatherland are exceedingly strong in Germany, and the result is, that in these colonies they cling together with remarkable fervour, carrying their language, customs, and manners with them, and implanting a very distinct national tone in the midst of the country of their adoption. A good example of this is seen in South Australia, where three flourishing villages, Rosenthal, Hahndorf, and Lobethal—the last containing tweed and other woollen factories—are almost exclusively inhabited by Germans, who are remarkable for their industry and thrift.

Similar colonies exist in a much more unpromising country than Australia—namely, in Turkey in Asia: one at a place called Amasia, about sixty miles inland from Samsoun; the other in Palestine, a little south of Acre, called Haifa. Both these colonies appear to have been founded under some feeling of religious sentiment, as a society called the 'Temple' exists in Würtemberg, which has spread rapidly into adjoining districts, its object being to elevate the degraded condition of Turkey by introducing modern forms of cultivation and industry. Both these experiments have met with success, and particularly the one at Haifa, where not only has a large cultivation of vines taken place along the slopes of Mount Carmel, but many industries suitable to the land and climate have been undertaken, with profit not only to the colonists, but also to the natives who have learned to follow their example.

Some remarkable German colonies were also founded in the early part of the present century in Southern Russia, on the policy originated by Peter the Great, and acted upon by Russian Emperors until the time of the late Czar, the idea being to encourage the migration of industrial labour to a part of the empire which was very sparsely populated, and where land was of little value, owing to the absence of communication. To this end, certain crown-lands were placed at the disposal of the settlers, each of whom had from sixty to eighty acres allotted, free of all taxes and dues for a certain term of years. What was of greater importance to the colonists, they were exempt from military conscription, and independent of the oppressive rule of local authorities, although amenable to the general laws of the country. These colonies flourished up to the time of the Crimean War; but after that, they began to decline, and the government took no further steps to encourage the movement, partly because it

gave offence to the Russian members of the community, and partly because the colonists objected to stay after they had accumulated some means, and preferred going back to their native place. At the present day, the United States is the great centre of attraction to German industrials, who migrate thither in large numbers, especially the Württembergers, who have the most wandering proclivities of all the German people. Throughout America indeed, society would come badly off for domestic service were it not for the continual immigrations of Irish, now largely supplemented by Germans, and to a less extent by Scandinavians, who do not disdain to occupy that sphere of industry which the Americans themselves think beneath them. In the extreme east of Europe, the migratory tendency is frequently very marked. In some parts of Russia, whole villages are to be found populated at certain seasons of the year only by women and children. The men are away in the pursuit of their trades, leaving the women to plough, sow, and reap, to fill the offices of policeman and tax-gatherer, and in fact, to discharge those duties which elsewhere are undertaken by men. On the shores of the White Sea, women even drive the post-carts, whence that branch of the public service is frequently called *sarafannya* or the petticoat post. A similar state of things is prevalent in Portugal, the village of Tifa near Viana, being entirely inhabited by women, who undertake the whole agricultural labour of the district; while the men migrate to other places, returning only at considerable intervals.

In conclusion, it may be stated that no country can provide more than a certain amount of work for its inhabitants; and when these outgrow that work, an exodus must take place, in the natural course of things. The continuously increasing population of Great Britain means a continuous overflow of labour-seekers, and a consequent exodus either to the colonies or to other marts where work is to be had. Thus, as we have on former occasions hinted, labour will gradually overspread regions which at present are little better than barren wastes.

## JOHN POLTRIGGAN'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

When many a merry tale and many a song  
Cheered the rough road, we wished the rough road  
long;

The rough road, then, returning in a round,  
Mocked our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'Do you believe in the Cornish Pixies?' asked my fellow-traveller, as side by side, our contiguous elbows in rather uncomfortable proximity, we jolted along on the seat of a badly sprung two-wheel. Our journey that evening—it was Christmas Eve, by-the-by—was a matter of about ten miles—from one moorland village to another; and we had just rattled over the roughly paved street, and left behind us the whitewashed walls and slated roofs of one of those quaint, oddly-built little hamlets which abound in the western parts of Cornwall. My companion was a 'thoroughbred' Cornishman; and I, a native of a midland

county, had dwelt long enough in the shadow of the western hills, and within hearing of the eternal waves that break on Cornwall's rock-bound shore, to find my sympathies—strengthened as they had been, by a thousand pleasant memories and happy associations—drawn powerfully to the land of Trebiggan and the Pixies.

'Believe in the Cornish Pixies?' I returned, in answer to my friend's inquiry. 'Well, John, there are a hundred things one might wish to believe in; the difficulty lies in working up the requisite amount of faith. You, a Cornishman born and bred, are doubtless true to your allegiance to the Small People—a race that would soon become extinct, I suppose, were it not for Cornishmen's loyalty, shewn by their belief in its existence. I, Cornish in sentiment, but only partly so in conviction, whilst entertaining the idea as a pleasant fancy, am tempted to doubt its counterpart in fact.'

'That you have taken the popular side of the question, it cannot be denied,' answered John Poltriggan solemnly; 'nor that the railway and telegraph systems—those terrible giants of modern growth—bid fair to banish the poor Pixy from even his last stronghold; for there are but few of us now, though Cornishmen to the backbone we may be, who would not be ashamed to own *seriously* to a belief in "Pixydom." The western hills, it would seem, though far removed from the centre of civilisation, have caught at last a few straggling rays from the rising sun of general enlightenment; and by their invigorating influence, we, the denizens of those hills, have grown from children into men—have put away childish things for the more substantial, though far less pretty playthings that become the dignity of our higher estate.'

'And yet it is pleasant, and by no means derogating from that higher estate,' I rejoined, in the strain of John's metaphor, 'for grown men to stoop, and again handle with interest the toys which delighted them so much in their childhood; though they cannot, it is true, again become children, and regard them in the light in which they were presented to their infant eyes.'

'Quite so,' replied Poltriggan. 'And there can be no fitter season for such a recreation than genial Christmas-tide, when the breach that time has made 'twixt old and young is bridged over by those kindly sentiments and feelings which are common to all ages of life.'

We had now reached the level of a plateau of dreary moorland, broken only by an occasional church-tower or the crumbling stack of some forsaken mine-shaft; and the road, crossing it in a tolerably straight line, could be seen—for there were no walls or hedgerows to obstruct the view—lying out in the moonlight for a mile or more before us. We lighted our cigars, and drew our travelling-rugs more snugly about us, for the air was keen and frosty, and we had but just quitted the warmth of a genial fireside. My friend and I were amongst those who had departed

on the breaking-up of a small and, be it said, select gathering, which had formed around the family hearth of a comfortable hostelry situated in the main street of the village we had just left; and our fancies were even now powerfully wrought up by the somewhat weird tales, one of which, in accordance with a time-honoured Christmas custom, it had fallen to each of us in his turn to relate for the entertainment of the company.

Having thus made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, we enjoyed for a brief interval our full-flavoured cigars and our own wayward thoughts. My companion was the first to break the silence.

'If you are not already weary of narrative,' he began, comfortably alternating his words with the puffs of his tobacco-smoke, 'I will put together, as coherently as I am able, the fragments of a tale I became acquainted with in these parts when a young man. It is founded on a belief, at the time very general in West Cornwall, that the Small People, Fairies, or Pixies as they are locally known and called, frequently concern themselves in the affairs of mortal men.'

'A capital idea, John!' I broke in, eagerly catching at what would obviously lessen the tedium of our ten-mile drive. 'Far from having wearied me, the tales we have heard to-night have but quickened my mental appetite for anything in the shape of a story. By all means let me hear something about the Cornish Pixies. Time and place could not be more appropriate.'

A glorious night was this Christmas Eve! The air was keen and bracing, and the full-orbed moon shone out brightly from the clear frosty heavens, spreading over the heath-clad moor, which stretched away on all sides of us, a mantle of the softest radiance—a night whereon any man, who was not an exceptionally bad one, would grasp with a hearty grip the hand of his neighbour, and rejoice in the mere fact that he lived and breathed the pure air of heaven—a night whereon all the kindly associations of the season find a cordial welcome in our hearts, when the feelings are aroused, and the imagination is quickened, and we fain would lend an indulgent ear to

#### A TALE OF THE PIXIES.

In a picturesque valley of West Cornwall, there stands to this day an old-fashioned farmhouse, over-shadowed by tall elms and spreading sycamores, and looking away, in the genial summer-time, across rich green pastures and fields of growing corn.

In this old house, twenty years ago or more, dwelt Joseph Tremerton—a worthy man, and a very fair sample of the thorough-going Cornish farmer—kind, genial, hospitable, appreciating a jest, but severe upon occasion, and industrious and thrifty to a remarkable degree. For well nigh forty years he had farmed the little estate of Kingstonbrea; and the crops he raised on soil in

many parts poor, were the wonder and envy of the farmers around. Seldom a season passed that he could not, when all debts had been paid, add a good round sum to the little fortune that was growing apace in his banker's hands.

With Joseph lived Margery—the wife whom he had won to his heart in the early days of his youth; and Philip their only child, who at the date of our story had just completed his twentieth year. Philip was a broad-shouldered, well-made youth; tall, active, supple, and strong; with rich, ruddy, sun-burned complexion, hazel eyes, and curling locks of chestnut brown. Neighbours would say that at times there would be a vague dreaminess—a moody, far-away speculation, in those brown orbs of Philip's, which would be strangely out of keeping with his strong muscular development and rude robust health; and it was perhaps this same expression, suggestive of latent potentialities, which had in part made him the hero he was in that romantic Cornish valley. More than one comely lass, it was reported, had been careful to heighten the effect of her personal charms, in the hope of beguiling the heart of the handsome young farmer. But whether it was that Philip was unusually fastidious, or that he had set up in his heart an ideal of the wife who alone could render him happy, it was certain that the evident charms of these maidens failed to make any serious impression upon him. And, piqued at the seeming indifference with which he had regarded their daughters, the good farmers' wives joined in declaring that, 'a young man so provokingly callous might expect the tables turned upon him, if ever his heart should be smitten.'

Erelong an opportunity was afforded them of testing the truth of this unpleasant prediction. Philip's heart was undoubtedly smitten; and she who had dealt the fatal blow realised completely, we may suppose, the ideal which he had all along cherished in his soul. No mean ideal it was, if it were not transcended by its living embodiment. Rachel Silverlocke—daughter of the hostess of the *Pendragon Arms* at Kenlyn—was one the fame of whose beauty was talked of in all the country round; and numerous, it was said, were the rejected suitors who had severally retired from her presence, doubtless to bewail ever afterwards their blank and unhappy lot. But with Philip the result was in some sort different. His handsome features and shapely form, together with a quiet and unassuming manner, failed not to make a decided impression on the fair maiden's heart; and ere long, contrary to what it would seem the good wives had expected, the innkeeper's daughter was induced to accept, with evident grace, the homage paid to her by the farmer's stalwart son.

These kindred spirits had chanced to meet at a Christmas gathering of young people under the friendly roof of the *Pendragon Arms*; and it was here, in the beauty's own home, that Philip, in the first instance, had gazed with delight on a glorious mass of sun-brightened hair—had sought to fathom the pearly depths of soft gray eyes, overshadowed by long sweeping lashes—had viewed with silent esteem the harmonious curves of a sylph-like figure, and had listened entranced to a voice that thrilled with exquisite sweetness of tone! Such physical perfection in woman had perhaps never before presented itself within the somewhat limited range of Philip Tremerton's social experience; and

it would not be exceeding the truth to aver that he then and there formed a resolve to win for his wife this fair one.

Certainly, Rachel Silverlocke's beauty was such as is rarely possessed by women in her relatively humble position, being marked by a delicacy and refinement met with almost exclusively in the higher ranks of life. It is not surprising, therefore, that conscious of possessing a dowry so precious, she had been unwilling to bestow her hand on the first, or even the second candidate who had presented himself for it.

Dances of a rather primitive description formed the staple of that evening's entertainment at the *Pendragon Arms*, and in these performances Philip and Rachel were frequently 'partners,' acquitting themselves in a highly creditable manner by virtue of the natural grace of movement they possessed. A game at cards followed in due course, and again Philip and Rachel were partners.

It was no fault of theirs, however, that at the termination of the game, when the players were rising from the table, some evil-disposed person should have attempted a sorry jest about 'partners for life!' and that all eyes should then have been focused on the handsome pair, and a laugh have broken out at their expense, in which everybody joined except themselves. But so it had happened. And this eventful evening may be set down as marking the commencement of Philip Tremerton's courtship; a courtship which, if it had the approval of the worthy hostess of the *Pendragon*, was sanctioned no less readily by the good people at Kingstonbrea; and this, be it observed, mainly by reason of the two following circumstances. In the first place, the elderly couple believed Rachel Silverlocke to be a very respectable and worthy young person, calculated to become in every way one of the best of wives, and most dutiful and affectionate of daughters-in-law. And in the second place—and of course of entirely secondary importance—there were good grounds for believing that Rachel was the heiress to a tidy little fortune, bequeathed to her by her late father; a life-interest in which, together with the business of the *Pendragon*, being all that had been left to the widow.

Now, we have allowed it to be inferred that Philip Tremerton's attentions to her daughter had received the stamp of Mrs Silverlocke's approval. Such an inference, however, must be accepted with a little qualification. It is true that the anxious mother failed to discover any weak point in young Tremerton's moral character; nor was she able to pick holes in the reputation for respectability enjoyed by his family; for the Tremertons had held up their heads and kept their own in that valley for more than one generation past. No; it could not be denied that Philip was a very worthy young man, nor that he had come of an unexceptionable stock. But then, upon the other hand, the inheritance above mentioned, together with her great natural beauty, had rendered the innkeeper's daughter a person of considerable importance; so much so, that in the circle of her acquaintances she had come to be regarded as a valuable prize for any man who should be fortunate enough to win her—an opinion shared, doubtless, by Mrs Silverlocke herself; and hence we may believe that that



judicious matron had resolved that a jewel so precious in her keeping, should not pass too readily out of hand.

It was seldom, however, that Philip Tremerton found himself an unwelcome guest at the *Pendragon Arms*. Its observant mistress had probably foreseen from the first the course that events were destined to take, and accordingly restricted herself to amiably restraining as occasion required, the devoted aspirant to her daughter's hand; which had the salutary effect of revealing her authority as sole parent and guardian of the beautiful heiress, and maybe of keeping within bounds the advances of the ardent lover when they threatened to exceed the limits of conventional rules.

Kenlyn was at least three miles from Kingstonsbrea; and as home duties in connection with his father's farm occupied Philip the greater part of each day, the evening only was available for him to visit the little market-town. Three of these in the week, however, found him wending his way along the road that connected the two places; and it was strange to observe how, in course of time, the circumstances of each visit came to resemble, in many minute particulars, those of every other. Now, it had soon occurred to Philip that to walk up straight to the private door of the *Pendragon*, and having announced his arrival by a hearty knock, to inquire if Miss Silverlocke were within, would, in view of the relation in which he stood to the inmates, be a much too deliberate and formal, and perhaps too bold a method of procedure. His habit was therefore to saunter carelessly in at the bar, like any ordinary customer, and if that retreat held an occupant, to strengthen the impression which the latter would doubtless receive, of its being but a casual visit, by demanding of the barman, in a rather loud and authoritative tone of voice: 'A glass of the best home-brewed; and please to look sharp about it.' The barman, knowing his ways, would smile faintly to himself, try to 'look sharp,' and produce the desired potation. Moodily and in silence would Philip quaff the foam-crested nut-brown liquor; and then, as though the thought had but just occurred to him, would turn again to the barman with the inquiry: 'Is your mistress at home, Robert?' in which he would of course be supposed to refer to Mrs Silverlocke herself. It was rarely indeed he would ask if *Miss* Silverlocke were at home, and then only whilst closely examining a map of the highways of the county, or drawing, in an absent manner, a design with his cane in the sawdust on the floor.

Presently, the worthy hostess, Margurita Silverlocke, or the 'Dragon,' as some irreverent persons had named her, would emerge from the inner sanctuary of the bar—a comfortable little parlour situated in the rear. (A rather portly description of personage was Mrs Silverlocke, on the advanced side of fifty, but in good preservation, whose dark glossy hair, worn in short ringlets, shewed no traces of the white frosts of time. Her manner towards strangers savoured a little of old-fashioned coldness and formality; but generally, as she became better acquainted with them, the ice of her reserve would thaw quickly enough, and reveal the underlying kindness and generosity of her nature.)

'Good-evening to you, Mr Tremerton,' she would say, shaking hands with him across the counter; 'you are indeed the last person I expected to see here to-night' (with a faintly significant smile), 'but very glad for all that! You have had a long walk, sir?'

To which Philip would reply, that it had been rather a long walk, but it had done him no harm—that he rather liked walking than otherwise, especially when the road was hard, the air frosty, and so on, to the same general effect. And after the usual inquiries had been made, and replied to, with respect to the good people at Kingstonsbrea, the amiable Margurita would rather suddenly retire again to the recesses of the inner sanctuary; in which direction would now be heard at intervals a voice, the clear silvery tones of which would send a thrill of delight through the breast of our hero, as impatiently he lingered in the bar. And, oh! how poor Philip's heart would throb and jump and flutter, like an unruly bird shut up in a cage, during the few minutes that would elapse before the good hostess would return from that haven of bliss with a speech fashioned after the following: 'There is a fire in the little sitting-room, Mr Tremerton. I don't know if it will be of any use to ask you to take a chair beside it' (the 'Dragon' had a certain dry humour in her mental composition). 'My daughter is there with her work; but that need not hinder you, if you would care to go and warm yourself.'

Poor Philip's cheeks would appear as though they needed but little warming! But he would murmur his thanks, and reply that he really did feel rather chilly, and that he was sure he should find a seat by the fireside a very acceptable one; which latter affirmation we may suppose to have been made with perfect sincerity and truth. And then, in the wake of Mrs Silverlocke, he would walk through the bar, and up a flight of steps and along a short corridor, and so on to the cosy little room, wherein would be seated, with book or fancy needle-work, the adorable Rachel, stately and demure, but surpassing sweet withal, whose love-fraught eyes and lips of ruby red seemed to half-belie the Diana-like sedateness of her brow! There, in the quiet seclusion of that delicious sanctuary, with but very occasional visits from the 'Dragon,'—made ostensibly for the purpose of stirring the fire—would those delicious evenings be passed, whiled away in the sweet converse of happy lovers, which could not by any chance prove interesting to a third party.

Thus, it will appear that the course of Philip Tremerton's true love was running pretty smoothly; nothing, it is certain, had occurred as yet to disturb love's gently flowing tide. The winter gave place to spring, and spring lapsed into summer, and still these delightful visits to the *Pendragon* were repeated with unbroken regularity. Indeed, young Tremerton's engagement to the beautiful heiress had come to be regarded as a well-established fact in Kenlyn and the neighbourhood; and those rejected suitors whose hearts we may suppose to have been hopelessly shattered by their rejection, cast rancorous eyes on the man who had drawn the envied prize. But it was now that, without the slightest warning, a calamity came upon the confident lover which dashed him at once from the summit of unclouded happiness to a troubled sea of doubt and galling perplexity.



Imagine our friend's utter bewilderment and dismay when, one luckless summer morning, the postman brought to him at Kingstombrea the following curt, severe and, to him, most inexplicable letter:

THE PENDRAGON ARMS, KENLYN.

June 23, 18—.

SIR—Accept this as an intimation of my desire that the attentions you have thought fit to bestow on my daughter—attentions which, through a misplaced confidence in you, I have permitted her to receive so long—be immediately discontinued; and that any understanding which may have existed between Rachel and yourself be buried for ever in the past. Under the circumstances, an explanation cannot possibly be needed; your own perfidious heart will tell you that—happily, before it would have been too late—your true character has been revealed.—MARGURITA SILVERLOCKE.

P.S.—It will be but doing justice to myself to add that Rachel has sanctioned unreservedly every word of the above, and that she entirely appreciates the motive with which I address you these lines.  
M. S.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONDON FIREMAN.

WITHIN a period of about twenty years, London has been the scene of numerous extensive conflagrations, some of which, by their magnitude and the incidents which occurred at them, are deserving of being recalled to the memory of our readers. Not a few were productive of great loss of life, fifteen human beings having perished at one in Bloomsbury in March 1858, although the dimensions of this fire were far from leading one to expect so great a misfortune. But I purpose to notice only such as were distinguished for their unusual extent, not omitting explosions, which in most cases are marked with a fatality that ordinary fires are free from.

The first that claims attention was the explosion at the Firework Factories of Madame Cotton, in the Westminster Road, in July 1853, when three hundred persons were more or less injured, and three at least to a fatal extent. The premises of Madame Cotton were then unusually stocked with the articles of her trade, as the season was just at its height, and she was busily engaged fulfilling an order for the approaching Vauxhall fête. On this account, the fire—which originated in an upper part of the building—was bound to have most appalling results; and in effect, the explosion, or rather series of explosions which followed, were beyond description terrific. The whole city it might be said was in a panic. For miles around, the houses were shaken to their foundations; and the inmates, with their children in their arms, came rushing into the streets in a state bordering on frenzy, crying piteously for instructions as to where they were to run for safety. Just as the fire-engines arrived, and as the turncock had drawn on the main for supplying them, the whole building, except a portion of the external walls, was blown into the air; and rockets, Catherine-wheels, and the more powerful description of fireworks, exploded, creating the wildest excitement, as men, women, and children were dashed to the ground by the terrible force of

the explosion. Portions of the building were hurled to a great distance; and the surrounding houses without exception were to a greater or less extent injured by the concussion or the force of projected debris. The lives lost under the circumstances were happily few; but the injuries received—some of which were of a shocking character—bore testimony by their number to the disastrous effects of the explosion.

In the same year, on August 26, Long Acre was the scene of a tremendous conflagration, when the extensive premises of Messrs Kesterton the harness-makers and coach-builders were almost entirely consumed, and numerous adjoining buildings, including St Martin's Hall, greatly injured. This fire occurred during the night, and was a sight which can only be witnessed in the hushed stillness of a sleeping city, when the sensation of ascending columns of lurid light entrance the gaze, and hold it spell-bound by their fierceness and grandeur. The fire, devouring the vast extent of woodwork with which the place was filled, spread with terrible rapidity, and the crackling timber told how fast it travelled. The flames were of astounding magnitude; they lit up the surrounding district as if a million household fires were ablaze; and the light was so great, that the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, Westminster Abbey, and the west end and city church steeples were brilliantly illuminated, and their architectural proportions brought out in grand relief. At one time, when the fire was at its height, and whilst two firemen of the brigade were at work, the heat melted the front iron shutters; and the lead on the interior of the coach-factory and the hall ran down in a molten state like streams of glittering silver, and falling on the back of a fireman, so seriously burned him, that his removal to the hospital was instantly necessary. The fire raged throughout the day; and the damage to property was of great extent. No lives, however, seem to have been lost.

But no fire since the great historical one of 1666, has been witnessed in London equal to that which broke out in Tooley Street on the evening of June 22, 1861. No pen could describe the sensation which the sight aroused in the spectators; even my comrades of the Brigade, whose constant experience and familiarity with the 'devouring element' create indifference in regard to the spectacles they so often encounter, were at once impressed by the enormous character of this huge conflagration. The outbreak took place in the extensive premises known as Cotton's Wharf, and the bonded warehouses belonging to Messrs Scovell. These buildings occupied a space of three acres, embracing eight or nine warehouses six stories in height, which were filled with valuable merchandise of every description, and with combustible material such as saltpetre, tallow, oils, hemp and cotton. When the engines arrived from Watling Street, Mr Braidwood, who was then chief, predicted the fire would be of great magnitude, and prepared accordingly to put forth all his energies to cope with it. His men needed no words to inspire them with a proper appreciation of their task, but at once put on that silent air of determination which characterises the men of the Brigade. At first, no flame could be seen, but an increasing denseness of smoke, which made any approach to the floors impracticable. Stationing

his men in the most advantageous spots, Mr Braidwood directed their efforts with his usual care and coolness; but these were found to produce but little effect. About an hour after its outbreak, the fire burst forth with great fury; and the whole of the main building from basement to roof became enveloped in a mass of fire. Immediately it spread and caught the adjoining warehouses, which were soon gutted, the tallow and oil which they contained running through the loopholes in a stream as the warehouses ignited. It was about this stage of the fire that Mr Braidwood was killed. Several times he had come to cheer his men by his presence and give them some refreshment, which they sorely needed; and whilst thus assisting the men posted at the western gateway, a terrific explosion suddenly occurred. Mr Henderson—then foreman of the southern district of the Brigade—shouted for all to run. The men dropped their branches. Two, along with Mr Henderson, escaped by the front gateway; and the others ran in the opposite direction on to the wharf, where they jumped into the river. Mr Braidwood made an effort to follow Mr Henderson, but was struck down by the upper part of the wall, and buried beneath some tons of brickwork. Some of the men rushed to extricate him, hopeless as the task was; but another explosion happening, they were compelled to flee.

Soon the report spread of Mr Braidwood's death; and the sad news had a gloomy effect on the men. Mr Henderson then assumed the superintendence, and every effort was put forth to arrest the terrible progress of the conflagration, which was now perhaps the most imposing scene ever witnessed during the century. Although the sun had not yet set, all London told the tale of fire; far and near, its lurid light was cast on the public buildings, and the east end was darkened with the clouds of smoke that floated from the burning pile. Probably, never before had such a mass of human beings been crowded together in the metropolis. London Bridge and the surrounding thoroughfares being blocked impassably, and every coign of vantage, even to the gallery of the Monument, taken possession of by excited spectators. The fire raged ceaselessly for many hours, notwithstanding the countless streams of water poured on it; and a stronger breeze would have borne it in all directions across the river, to the Custom-house, the Tower, and the shipping, which at low water would be fatally exposed, and taking in Bermondsey and Southwark, near-hand districts, which would speedily have been laid in ashes. Happily, the air was calm, and remained so up to four o'clock next morning, fully eleven hours after the outbreak of the fire, whose further course was then arrested. Not, however, without the most intense exertions of the men, to whom the recollection of this fire must ever continue vivid, from the overpowering heat which they stood, and the protracted fruitlessness of their efforts in mastering the terrible flames. The fire continued burning several days in its circumscribed area, affording the gratification of curiosity and wonder to countless multitudes during its continuance, and attracting among others the Prince of Wales and the late Premier, then Mr Disraeli. The fatalities were confined to Mr Braidwood, and to a few others who lost their lives by falling into the river in the crush for

positions on the balustrades of the bridge. The damage to property was immense—it reached not far short of three millions sterling.

Happily, such appalling disasters are now less to be dreaded, owing to the greatly increased efficiency of the Brigade's appliances, and the promptitude displayed in arriving at the scene of danger, as well as the abundant supply of water that may now be calculated on. But it is only within a recent period that the Brigade has achieved this admirable condition.

#### PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

THERE is no greater tyrant in a house than a bad-tempered person. There may be no particular tyranny in his actions, or even words; for looks and manner are of themselves quite sufficient to keep a whole household in awe. Bad temper does not consist entirely of passion; in fact, passionate people are often of an affectionate disposition, and injure themselves more than any one else. But the *really* bad-tempered person governs the household. All the other members of it are in a perpetual state of conspiracy as to how he shall be pleased and kept in good-humour. He must have the most comfortable chair in the cosiest corner; the meals must be regulated both as to time and food according to his pleasure; nothing must be done without considering how it will affect him; and all this because, if he be put out, he knows how to make the house unbearable to every one. We use the masculine pronoun in speaking of the bad-tempered person, though the distemper belongs to both sexes. Perhaps it predominates in women; for men have to begin early to fight their way in the world, and so learn to be tolerant; and the bustle and worry of life make them glad of peace and quietness. But a very large number of women remain in comfortable homes, with no particular object in life but marriage; and when they are disappointed of this, settle down into bad temper. At this time of the year, we are more forcibly reminded than at any other of the various family tempers. Sisters and brothers, uncles and aunts and cousins, all meet.

Perhaps we are an amiable family, and are deep in consideration as to how we shall keep Aunt Elizabeth in good temper during the week she is with us; or how we shall prevent Aunt Susan and Aunt Jane from falling out, as they invariably do at Christmas-time, before they have been in the house twelve hours.

Or we may be a family where a spoiled daughter holds sway, who does not see why she should take the trouble to be agreeable to old-fogyish aunts and poor cousins; and so she makes the former feel very uncomfortable, and snubs the latter, and makes Christmas a time to be dreaded.

Or we may have a large family of children, and a regular Christmas visitor in the shape of a rich bachelor brother, who we fondly hope will never marry; which seems probable, as he considers himself far too precious to bestow on any woman.

Our brother has a temper as well as money; and we implore the children to be very polite to Uncle Tom, and not get in his way, as he hates anything in the shape of youth—though he endeavours by various artificial means to keep a youthful appearance himself. But it is in vain that we speak. Before his departure, Uncle Tom has expressed himself in very strong terms concerning 'those noisy brats,' and mutters some threat about never coming again.

Or we may have for master of the house one of those people who cannot see why we should have all this rubbish and nonsense at Christmas-time, spoiling our digestion with unwholesome food, and putting out the postal arrangements with these ridiculous bits of coloured pasteboard. We live in positive trembling of having to announce that we intend to do something in the way of a Christmas-tree for the children.

Or we may have for mistress a woman who lives in a perpetual state of grumble all the year round at the weight of her household duties, and who at Christmas is so overwhelmed with them, and takes such good care to overwhelm every one else, that you feel that every mouthful of plum-pudding you eat has been made with groans and sighs.

It is a curious psychological fact that bad-tempered people generally profess a good deal of piety, and claim to be morally better than those around them. Their very sulkeness may be described as shutting themselves up in their own righteousness. They get what we call a sulky fit, but what they flatter themselves is an expression of self-justification. They refuse to speak for some time because they fancy that those who have offended them are not worthy to be spoken to, and that their silence will be a punishment—which it really is to the sensitive good-natured ones, who are only too anxious to keep peace at any price. They are willing to take the blame, and to do anything if only the bad-tempered person will relax. And when he does relax, are we not extravagantly enthusiastic, and vow that after all he, or she, is really very good? In fact, it may be said that we are so 'grateful for small mercies' from bad-tempered people, that we altogether over-estimate their virtues in our delight at anything like kind treatment from them; and so perhaps in the end they get a great deal more praise than those 'who pursue the even tenor of their way.' And then it is a curious physical fact that bad-tempered people seem scarcely ever to have a serious illness, yet are always ailing. If the tyrant of the house has a headache, no one else dares to complain; that headache is the chief event of the family while it lasts. Or if any other member of the house happens to have a cold or sore throat or any disease, the bad-tempered person probably remarks in a martyr-like tone, 'I feel very bad myself;' which is as much as to say, you need not expect sympathy from some one who is suffering more than yourself.

There are philosophers who maintain that all mental defects may be traced to some physical cause. If this is so, we imagine there must be too much gall or acid in the blood of bad-tempered people. But on the other hand, there are philosophers who maintain that the mind governs the body. In that case, might we not so govern our

tempers as to prevent the gall from entering the blood? The very word temper suggests temperament or constitution; but whether the body acts more on the mind than the mind on the body, is still a moot-point. Be that as it may, we all of us have at least some will of our own; and if we cannot altogether eradicate our evil temper, we can go a great way towards keeping it in control.

It is quite impossible for a family to live happily together unless every member of it makes some sacrifice of his or her desires and wants, for the benefit of the others. At this time, when we commemorate the coming of Him who was to bring 'peace and good-will' on earth, we ought more especially to remember this. The young should treat their elder relations with deference and affection, and make allowance for the temper that has been perhaps tried by many misfortunes; the elder ones should try and remember their own early days, and be lenient to the faults of youth. And finally, the bad-tempered ones, as they are generally so regular in their religious duties, should let the Church lessons sink deep enough into their hearts, to clear away all the gall and bitterness.

#### MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS OF VULGAR WALL-POSTERS.

In his address on Art, delivered at the Social Science Congress, Edinburgh, in October of this year, Professor Richmond passed some justly merited strictures upon the vulgarity of the large advertisement-posters which deface the walls of our larger cities. He said: 'It was asked in the earlier part of my address, what agencies are at work in our great cities which are acting against the artistic development and good taste of the poorer class? Now, there is one which will at once appeal to us all. What a means the system of large advertising pictures might be made, if rightly used, for the education of taste among the lower classes! What a blot and abuse it is in our streets as at present used! It is difficult to find words strong enough to declaim against the miles of walls which are covered with vulgar and revolting placards. And now the Brobdingnagian dimensions they assume are positively alarming in their gigantic hideousness. We have an inspector of plays, an inspector who is bound to see that no public morals are injured by what is produced upon the public stage. Why should we not have an inspector of moral tastes for our still more public streets? It will perhaps be said that this would be interfering with the liberty of the subject, that you could not exercise such a right without injury to it. But you have an inspector of architecture; you are obliged to build to a certain symmetry with other houses; the frontage of your house must be in accordance with the frontage of your neighbour's house; and furthermore, alas! for the beauty of our streets, the houses must look as much as possible as though they were turned out of the same mould.

'Well, we will admit that this supervision is a failure, and that the laws under which it acts are detrimental to beauty, invention, and variety. But it need scarcely be thought that such transient works as advertisements would be injured in the subject of their tastes by an artistic overseer, who would have the public good taste at his heart. I say transient advertisements; this in a sense they

are; but in another sense they are the very reverse; for their bad and vile Art is lowering to the taste of the very class we are most anxious to elevate, and must leave behind it an indelible injury, the reverse of transient.

'If those who advertise would get the advice of good artists, and there are among our best designers those who would gladly assist in such a worthy cause, not only would they profit by the attraction well-designed advertisements would have, but also they would, instead of doing a public harm, as they are now doing, by using a powerful weapon in an ostentatious and vulgar way, be public benefactors, by disseminating good art in the most public manner possible. We all know the admirable work done by Mr Walter Crane in his *Baby's Opera*, and by Mr Caldecott in his illustrations to *John Gilpin*, and other excellent designs. Taking these two artists, whose facility and taste especially fit them both for designing where rapidity of invention and execution, humour and pathos, are such necessities, let us imagine what a difference there would be on the hoarding-boards, omnibus interiors, and railway stations, if the works here were executed under the supervision of such excellent designers. Where at present our eyes are disgusted, our sense of all refinement insulted, we should—and what is still more important, the workmen and labourers would—find something worth looking at, something which, instead of lowering, would elevate taste.'

In these strictures, Professor Richmond has our cordial sympathy.

#### THE PHYSIOLOGY OF WALKING.

A careful summary is given by the *Lancet* of the manner in which M. Marey has investigated some points in the physiology of walking. 'Some time ago he devised an apparatus for registering the steps, which he has called an *odograph*. It consists of a small cylinder, rotating by means of clock-work in its interior; and of a pen which marks on the cylinder, and is raised at each step by an impulse communicated by a ball of air beneath the sole. Observations have been made on a number of young soldiers. It was ascertained that the step is longer in going up hill than in going down hill. It is shorter when a burden is carried; longer with low than with high heeled boots; longer when the sole is thick and prolonged a little beyond the foot, than when it is short and flexible. It thus appears that the heel may with benefit be almost indefinitely lowered; while it is disadvantageous to prolong the sole of the boot beyond a certain limit, or to give it an absolute rigidity. Some influences which lengthen the step lessen its frequency; so in going up hill, the step becomes at the same time longer and less frequent. In walking on level ground, the length of the step and its frequency are always proportioned; the quicker the walk, the longer the step.

'Nature here proves the folly of the high heel in a most practical manner; and the objection to them in men is equally applicable to ladies; and if they could only see themselves as they totter along perched up on high heels and walking as if stepping on egg-shells, their ludicrous appearance would at once stop the fashion. Any one accustomed to country-life and long walks on the hills,

must have felt that terrible leg-weariness which a day's shopping with a lady entails. The slow irregular walk, the frequent pauses, and the difficulty of taking short steps with proper balance, are trials well known to men. Without a good-shaped low-heeled boot, no lady, however pretty her foot or graceful her carriage, can walk becomingly, with ease to herself, and a proper flexion of the muscles of the feet and legs. Half the ricked ankles come from heels being too high to form a proper steady base for the weight of the body, and the narrow pointed toes prevent their proper expansion and use. Make a footprint in the sand and then go and place your boot in it—what a margin there will be! Horses even, with a horny hoof, suffer terribly if their shoes are cramped and do not allow the foot to expand.

'Much more might be written of the accompanying ills of tight and high-heeled boots; but as long as women will bear the pain so as to appear taller and to have tiny feet, so long will they do violence to Nature's gifts. Legs and feet were given us for use, to exercise the body upon. In fact, so cramped up and stilted has fashion made the walk nowadays, that a lady with wooden legs might pass muster in the Park undiscovered.'

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE Christmas bells are pealing sweet;  
The snow lies thickly at our feet;  
All, all around is calm and fair;  
A holy stillness fills the air!  
Warbles the Robin on the spray,  
The holly spray:  
What does he say to-day, to-day,  
What does he say!

He sings the song of Peace—Good-will  
To all the nations of the earth;  
He sings of Gratitude to Him  
Who for our sakes this day had birth;  
He sings of Perfect Brotherhood,  
Of rendering for Evil—Good;  
He sings of Injuries forgiven;  
Of Love, that makes of earth a heaven!

'Take ye, in my thanksgiving, part!'  
He carols from his little heart:  
'Make with mine own, your voices heard;  
Let Man be grateful as the Bird!'  
All this the Robin sings to-day,  
To-day, to-day,  
Perched high upon the holly spray!

A. H. BALDWIN.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Poetical offerings should be accompanied by an envelope, stamped and directed.

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